

themselves) who deserve little sympathy, and should be made to help themselves. Millions of pounds find their way out of the pockets of the labouring poor into those of the publican and betting man. "You cannot have your cake and eat it" is a homely saying applicable to this question; and if the labouring man pays his money to the beershop or the bookmaker, he cannot have it wherewith to pay his rent. Public-houses flourish best in the poorest quarters; and cases can be quoted by the thousand in which money is not only kept from the landlord, but from the wife and children, and home, and paid over the counter of the public-house, or into the pocket of the bookmaker. There is poverty which is honest and ought to be respected, but there is also poverty which is self-inflicted and criminal, and deserves no respect. We may put it down as a safe rule that relief ought not to be given to able-bodied men, either in the form of helping them with their rent, or in that of blankets, or soup, or parish relief, *without some equivalent of work*. Notice those who enter the public-house most regularly, and notice how regularly *some do* enter, and you will not be surprised that the grocer has to wait for his account, or the landlord has to whistle for his rent. Nor is it only drunkenness

which fights against the landlord, but *betting* is fast becoming a National curse, Up and down the land, in the yard, the shop, in the public-house, and in the slums and alleys betting goes on among all classes; and not only men and women but children also are learning every turn of the way which leads to the bookmaker, and to know the meaning of "hedging" and "odds." It is a difficult matter this better housing of the poor, for there are some who live in slums by *preference*, and who would, by their unclean habits, make the best house you could put them in a slum if they could. The *final* solution of this matter seems to be with the poor themselves. They will get to know in time how prejudicial such a life is to themselves and to others, and when they know it they will in some way remedy it. It should be the part of those who do know the evil to help them to see it and to remove it. Meanwhile the evil is growing in proportion and menace every year, and something needs doing at once. The State can aid in many ways. It can prevent overcrowding, can pull down unfit dwellings, can loan money to build, can make secure the poor man's savings, and give him all the help a Building Society could give without the risk.

THE JESSOPS:

AN EMIGRATION STORY.

BY THE REV. E. N. HOARE, M.A.,
Vicar of Stoneycroft, Liverpool; Author of "*Child Neighbours*," "*Jasper Rentoul*," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IX.

FROM MONTREAL TO VANCOUVER.



LIKE many a sailor who has traversed hundreds of leagues of ocean, Tom Playfair's experience of land travel had been very limited. Indeed, in England he had never been thirty miles from Liverpool, while his sojourns in America and elsewhere had been too brief to permit of anything beyond a merely local excursion. The idea of a great trans-continental journey of three thousand miles, and occupying nearly a week, was all the more novel and exciting to the young seaman. We must not blame Tom if his notions of geography were a little vague; for indeed it is not easy for one who has been bred in this little island to realise the "magnificent distances" of the Canadian Dominion. For Tom, Vancouver and Victoria were practically the same